St. John Chronicle.

"COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE."

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every FRIDAY by DURANT & HOOPER, at their Office in the brick building, corner of Market Square and Prince Wm. street, over Mr. Hutchinson, watchmaker.

Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally neatly executed.

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DURANT & CO.,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

☞ Archibald M'Allister, is an authorized Agent for the *Chronicle* at Gagetown, and vicinity.

Stephen Wiggins, is an authorized Agent for Grand Lake.

Joseph B. Perkins, Esq., is an authorized agent for Petersville, (Q. C.)

☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive all monies due our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.

Per Arthur White, from London.

100 CHESTS Souchong TEA; 5 tons Brandram's No. 1 WHITE LEAD;
1 ton Brandram's Coloured PAINTS;
Casks Boiled and Raw OIL;
8 do. PUTTY; 1 cask STARCH;
4 cases INDIGO;
1 case Ladies' BOOTS;
1 do. STATIONERY.
For Sale at the lowest market rates.
June 12. L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.

JUST PUBLISHED—A new Editon of Lennie's English GRAMMAR, strongly bound in linen. Price 5s. 6d. per dozen.
June 5 B. O'BRIEN.

Received per Steamer America, at the

N. American Clothing Store,
Sears' Brick Building, King Street.

A SPLENDID assortment of Broad CLOTHS; Cassimeres; Doeskins; Tweeds; &c.; will be made up to order in the most Fashionable style, at the shortest notice.
May 9. R. HUNTER.

GRANITE HALL,
5 *DOCK STREET.*

SPRING and Summer OVER COATS, in Plain Sack, and Raglan Styles.
Good material Fashionable cut, and well made.
April 3, 1858. THOS. R. JONES.

NOTICE.—All persons having legal demands against the Estate of WILLIAM WHITE, Senr., late of Cambridge, (Queen's County,) deceased, are requested to hand in the same, duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted are requested to make immediate payment to

SAMUEL WHITE,
WM. WIGGINS,
Executors.
Queen's County, May 1, 1858.

Waverly House, No. 69, King street

RUBBERS AT REDUCED PRICES.
LADIES' 2s 6d. Gents' 3s. 6d. Leather Boots and Shoes of every description, together with English felt Cloth BOOTS at first Cost.
The public will please to understand that I will continue these low prices to the 1st of May, and also that I willuse no deception or second price.
March 5. B. O'BRIEN.

JUST RECEIVED:
200 QUINTALS large CODFISH;
400 Boxes Dipper Harbour Smoked HERRINGS, a good article.
JOHN MARVEN,
October 23. Ward-street.

Furniture & Upholstery Ware Rooms.
No. 87, head of King Street.

DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE; DINING Room Furniture; BED ROOM Furniture—of different designs, in Mahogany and Walnut.
—ALSO—
HAIR MATTRESSES; MOSS MATTRESSES; GRASS MATTRESSES, STRAW MATTRESSES.
—ALSO—
Cheap CHAIRS and BEDSTEADS, in great variety. For sale by the subscribers.
March 13. J. & G. LAWRENCE.

Reversible Caps.
In compliance with the wishes of a number of Customers, we are again manufacturing a quantity of PALA ALTO REVERSIBLE CAPS. This is a style which was in great demand in the United States at the time of the late Mexican War, and is a very convenient Cap for travellers. Call and see.
C. D. EVERETT & SON,
August 7. 15, King-street.

HOLLANDS.
LANDING ex "Ann Rankine" from London, 150 packages GENEVA, Anchor Brand, which will be sold at 4s. per gallon in Bond from Wharf. THOS. PARKS,
October 24. 25, Dock-street.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—The Subscriber having been lately appointed a Licensed AUCTIONEER for Queen's County wants from the Public a Share of Business which shall receive his prompt attention, on most reasonable terms. ARCHIBALD McALLISTER.
Gagetown, August 22.

SEE HERE.
ON and after Wednesday the 8th instant, the Subscriber intends to run a DAILY COACH for the accommodation of the Public between the Nine Mile Station and Sussex Vale; leaving the Nine Mile station on the arrival of the two o'clock train, for Sussex Vale, *EVERY DAY*, arriving the same evening at Sussex, and leaving Sussex the following mornings at 6 a. m., to meet the 2 p. m. train. A covered Coach, good Horses, and a careful driver always in attendance.
PETER B. LYON.
Hampton, sept 7.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS
Have received by the "*Lampedo*," "*John Duncan*," "*Arthur White*," and "*Georgia*":
PART of their Fall Supply of British MERCHANDISE. *ALSO*—
104 Chests fine CONGO TEA;
8 Tons White LEAD;
6 Casks PAINT OIL;
3 Tons PUTTY.
☞ Remainder of the Stock daily expected by the "*Middleton*."
October 30.

GREEN WINDOW SHADES.—Just received 200 Green SHADES 27, 37, 40, 40 inches wide.
GEO. NIXON,
April 30. 104 Prince William street

S. K. FOSTER'S,
Fashionable SHOE STORES,
New Goods for Fall!

JUST received per Ship *Boadicea*, a new and excellent variety of Ladies, Misses, and Children's Fall BOOTS and SHOES, of the very best English make.
Those Customers who desire a very Superior Article, and one suitable to the season, can now have their wishes gratified.
S. K. FOSTER.

CHINA!
Per Middleton and Alnwick—
THE Subscriber has received by the above Ships, a choice selection of DINNER SETS, EUROPEAN CHINA TEA SETS, VASES, Stone PITCHERS, and China Toilette SETS.
FRAS. CLEMENTSON.
St. John, June 30, 1857.

Beans and Shad.
40 BUSHELS N. S. White BEANS; 20 half-barrels good SHAD. For Sale
JOHN MARVIN.

HAY RAKES.—100 Dozen HAY RAKES of superior quality, for sale at 10s. and 12s 6d. per dozen.
August 7. THOMAS C. EVERITT.

Rope, Sail Twine, &c.
300 BOLTS Bleached Gourock CANVAS, assorted;
100 Bolts Extra sail long Flax, ditto;
100 do. Gourock Boiled ditto;
75 Coils BOLT ROPE;
32 do. POINT LINE;
1700 three-thread SAIL TWINE.
JOHN ROOP,
Wishart's Buildings, Johnston's Wharf.
July 10.

PER "JOHN DUNCAN."—5,000 FIRE BRICKS. For sale by
FRAS. CLEMENTSON,
Sept. 25. 29, Dock-street.

FAIRBANKS'
CELEBRATED
SCALES,
of every variety,
34 Kilby Street, Boston.
GREENLEAF & BROWN, Agents.

A full assortment of all kinds of weighing apparatus and store furniture for sale at low rates Railroad, Hay, and Coal Scales set in any part of the Provinces.
For Sale in St. John by WM. THOMSON.
Aug. 1, 1858. [1yr]

Building Lots for Sale.
AT THE NINE MILES STATION.
THE subscriber has laid out a portion of his farm at the above place in eligible Building Lots, either for places of business or private residences. Early application will ensure a preference, as after a short period they will be offered at auction.
sept 10 JOSHUA SCRIBNER

GLASS, 97, Dock Street.
F. CLEMENTSON respectfully solicits the attention of purchasers to his Spring Stock of GLASS.
On the arrival of the *John Duncan*, the assortment of CUT GLASS will be completed, which will be superior in design to any previous importation. (July 10.) FRAS. CLEMENTSON.

FOR Sale at No. 168, Prince William Street,—BEST CUMBERLAND BUTTER.
August 7. WILLIAM PARKS.

FOR Sale at No. 168, Prince William Street,—200 CHEESE from Clarke's Dairy.
August 7. WILLIAM PARKS.

FOR Sale at No. 168, Prince William Street, BEST ISLAY MALT.
WILLIAM PARKS.
St. John, August 7, 1857.

No. Twelve.

A CHOICE LOT OF
FANCY COLORED BROADCLOTHS,
SUITABLE for Gentlemen or Ladies' CLOAKING, RIDING HABITS, &c. &c.
—*IN SUPERFINE*—
ADELAIDE,
BOTTLE GREEN,
MOSS OLIVES,
MULBERRY,
BROWN,
BLACK,
SCARLET.
☞ The above GOODS have been received per last steamer "Niagara," and for sale from 15s. at No. 12., King street. 1m.

82, *King Street.*
Saint John Hotel Building.
RECEIVED in good order, by last trip of steamer Eastern City, from Boston, a supply of the following Goods;
GREEN APPLES, DRIED APPLES,
Oranges, Lemons, Sugar Cured HAMS,
ONIONS, CHEESE, and BUTTER.
Which will be sold by the Subscriber cheap for cash. ROBERT STEWART.
April 9, 1858.

New Books.
THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY, by Viscount deChateaubriand;
ST. JOHN'S MANUAL; a Guide to the Public Worship and Services of the Catholic Church;
A Vindication of Italy and the Papal States, from the Dublin Review;
John Mitchell's Great Lecture on Thomas Devin Reilly, delivered in the Tabernacle, N. York;
Hendrick Conscience's Tales, complete;
Nos. 1 to 4 of the Complete Works of Gerald Griffin—to be completed in 30 numbers;
Luck is Everything, by W. H. Maxwell;
Charles Lever's Works, 4 vols., octavo, cloth;
Love after Marriage by Caroline Lee Hentz
The Border Rover by Emerson Bennett;
The Rats of the Seine, by Paul Preston;
The Doomed Ship, by Harry Hazel;
Dow's Patent Sermons, new edition;
Reynolds' Complete Works;
Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries for May, 1s.;
Harper, Putnam, the Youths, Household Words New York National, Waverley, and Blackwood for May;
The Testimony of the Rocks, by Hugh Miller.
☞ Latest "New York Ledger," &c.
May 8. B. O'BRIEN.

4 CASKS Olive OIL, 300 gallons;
8 bbls. TALLOW, 2,000 lbs.;
LONDON OAKUM.—10 tons London Oakum, for sale low.
One Wood Stock ANCHOR.—For sale by
JOHN WALKER.
August 7.

Spring Style of Hat for 1858.
THE subscriber is manufacturing HATS of the above style, at 27, North side King street.
April 9. A. MAGEE

Poetry.

(Written for the Chronicle.)

TO E—— S——.

O, has thy crushed and bleeding heart
No soothing balm yet found?
To ease thee, from the blackened sky,—
The dark, dull, cheerless ground;—
From the deserted hearth,—and from
The silent gloom, that rests
In every room her presence lit,—
On all her fingers prest;—
Her, who made life to thee so fair,
Who dying, left thee, wild despair.

Look, look beyond the lonely spot
That holds thy treasure now;
When does this world, when giving most,
But stamp on cheek and brow,
The lines, first burned upon the heart
With agony's own brand?
Then why not raise thy tearful eye
To that kind gracious hand
That took her ere one care could blight
Her fair young brow, or spirit bright.

Guileless she was, and lovely, as
The sweetest bird of Spring
And dark and bitter is thy cup,
Yet God, can gently bring
To the warm heart that will not break
Yet loathes each beat it gives,
A purer and more lasting hope
Than e'er with nature lives,
May it be thine, to light thy way
Which now seems shrouded o'er for aye.

Oromocto, March 1859. ZILLA.

PAY THE PRINTER.

As honest men, attend and hear
The serious fact—the times are dear;
Who owes a bill, 'tis just as clear
As starlight in the winter,
That he should come without delay—
That's if he can—the bill to pay,
And ere he puts his purse away,
'Fork over' to the Printer.

The Printer's cheek is seldom red—
The fine machinery of his head
Is working when your are in bed,
Your true and faithful 'Mentor;'
All day and night he wears his shoes,
And brains, to furnish you with news;
But men of conscience ne'er refuse
To pay the toiling Printer.

'Tis known, or ought to be, by all,
His dues are scattered, and they are small,
And if not paid, he's bound to fall
In debt—for fuel, bread, rent, or
Perhaps his paper; then square
Up with his help—a double care
Bow down his head—now, is it fair
Then you don't pay the Printer?

His wife and little prattlers, too,
Are now depending upon you;
And if you pay the score that's due,
Necessity can't stint her;
But if you don't as knaws the mole,
'Twill through your conscience eat a hole,
And brand the forehead thus; 'No soul?'
Of him who cheats the Printer.

The cats will mew between your feet,
The dogs will bite you on the street;
And every urchin that you meet,
Will roar with voice of Stentor,
'Look to your pockets—there he goes,
The Chap that wears the Printer's clothes!
And proud, though every body knows
The grub, he gnaw'd the Printer.'

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE GOVERNOR'S FIRST LOVE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

If there is any one who needs the philosophy of this world's changes, to make him wiser and better, by bringing hope to his despair, or humility to his pride, let him take a given number of individuals, and a given number of years—say twenty of each—and observe the condition of the different parties at the beginning and end of the time that is named. The result in all cases will be astonishing—in many it will be wonderful.

If old enough, reader, think back twenty years, and see where and how you stood in the world then, with nineteen others, selected at random from all you then knew. Take the names that first present themselves to your memory, and write them down, with the condition and prospects of each individual annexed; and then, underneath, write the condition and prospects of each at the present moment; and if you find not the result almost startling, and full of moral philosophy, then has time dealt gently with you and your friends, and you require not the lesson which would otherwise be taught.

Twenty names and twenty years! Ah! here they come—substance and shadow—the living and dead; but oh! how great, how startling, the change between that time and this—the past and the present!

Foremost of the group, I behold a bright, gay, fascinating and beautiful little being, who seemed born to love and be loved. Her promise was a golden future of joy—her reality an early rest in the dark cold grave. Nineteen years has her mortal form reposed in the quiet church-yard, and few now living remember the name she bore.

Next I recall an aspiring youth—proud, wealthy, and ambitious—bending his whole energies to academic honors and collegiate distinction. His promise was a brilliant career, with living applause and posthumous fame—his reality a loss of sight, mental disease, and a suicide's death.

The third comes up before me a poor, pale, blue-eyed cripple, whom one loved, a few pitied, and the rest despised. His promise was a short and miserable existence—his reality and honorable position, great wealth, and plenty of what the world calls friends.

And so I might go on, disposing of the number one by one; but there are two whose names rise together and blend in my memory, and who may more properly fill the limits of my space—for theirs is a history "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Twenty years ago, then, a slender, pale young man, thinly but decently clad, was one cold [illegible] evening hurrying his steps over the [illegible] his own humble home from the large and somewhat aristocratic dwelling of a neighbor. As he drew near the mansion, which looked up white, and seemingly cold and proud, in the frosty, star-lit air, the pale features of the young man flushed, and the hand that timidly knocked at the door trembled not a little. The door was almost immediately opened, by a blooming, beautiful girl of eighteen, who said, in a rather quick and apparently excited tone:

"Ah! Walter—so it is you? Walk in!"

"I hope I see you well this evening, Mary!" returned the young man, in a slightly tremulous tone, that seemed to result from strong but partially suppressed emotions.

"Yes, I am well," replied the girl hurriedly, as she closed the door and led the way to the sitting-room, where she motioned her guest to be seated, though without showing any inclination to sit herself. "You got my note, I suppose?" she interrogatively asserted, in a quick and flurried manner, hastily turning her flushing features from the keen scrutiny of him she addressed.

"Yes, Mary Ellsworth," replied the other, more slowly and distinctly, "I received a line or two from you, saying all the family would be absent to-night except yourself, and you desired to see me alone for a few minutes."

The young man paused, keeping his fine, hazel eyes steadily fixed upon the other, who now, with averted head, seemed much embarrassed and disconcerted. Stepping forward a few paces, she dropped into a chair, and, still without reply, appeared to busy herself in looking at the jeweled rings on her fair, soft, lady-like fingers.

"Mary," spoke young Walter Harwood, after an impressive silence of more than a minute, "what is the meaning of this?"

She played nervously with her fingers, but still remained silent.

"Mary," continued Walter, placing a chair and seating himself in such a position that he could catch a partial view of her features, "let me remind you exactly how we stand in regard to each other; and then speak frankly and say why you sent for me!"

He paused a moment, passed his hand rather quickly and nervously along his high, white forehead, and up through his dark, clustering hair, and then proceeded:—

"I am four years your senior, Mary, and have loved you from infancy. It was my delight as a child when you were a mere infant, to hold you in these arms; and even then, young as I was, and strange as it may seem, I often prayed that I might grow up a strong man, and be ever able to support you and protect you through the journey of life.

"We were playmates when little—we grew up companions—and there was never a period of your life that I did not love you, and daily pray to be loved in return. But your father was rich, and [illegible] and as I [illegible] ed to feel the distinction which existed, and still exists, between the families of Ellsworth and Harwood; though I will do you the justice to say, that I do not believe you ever intentionally made me perceive the difference I allude to; but I did see, and know and feel it; and though loving you almost to madness, I dared not venture to tell you so, lest my motive might either be thought mercenary, or myself too presumptuous, and thus all my brightest hopes and fondest dreams be in an evil moment blasted.

"But why dwell upon this which I have many times told you already? Rather let me come to the point at once.

"About one year ago, then, Mary," the young man went on, with deep feeling, while his listener grew deadly pale trembled violently, "such an opportunity presented itself for declaring my passion, that to delay it longer seemed flying in the very face of fortune; and carried away by an almost uncontrollable impulse, I poured out my very soul to your listening ear, and received in return such assurance of your affectionate regard, to call it by no stronger term, that I went home the happiest being in the wide, wide world. Ah! Mary—Mary—you may not love me now—you may never have loved me—but you will never be so loved by another as you are by the poor miserable wretch who now addresses you.

'Well I went home happy, as I have said—but how long did my happiness last? The very next time I met you, you seemed troubled and displeased; the second time you were dignified; the third reserved; the fourth cool; the fifth cold; the sixth you scarcely noticed me; and then we ceased speaking altogether, and I have been an unhappy being ever since. Now, after a long, painful lapse, your note has brought me to you, and I have come trembling with hope and fear. Oh! Mary—dear Mary, shall I venture to call you?—am I here to learn from your lips that the past is forgotten? and that henceforth I am to be again enraptured with your esteem, your regard, your——'

'Hold!' interrupted Mary, suddenly starting to her feet, and speaking in a tone that betrayed great agitation: "I have let you proceed too far, Mr. Harwood. In short,' she hurriedly went on, 'I find on examining myself, I have not, do not, never can, esteem you as I could wish; and I sent for you to-night, for the purpose of telling you so, calmly, and asking your forgiveness for my unintentional deception; and to beg you will go and forget me—that you will go in a friendly spirit, and have no harsh and bitter feelings rankling in your heart. I would like your opinion as a friend, and as a friend I shall always be pleased to meet you; but a warmer feeling it is not in my power to bestow.'

'Can this be true? and am I thus suddenly made wretched forever!' groaned young Walter Harwood, as he buried his face in his hands, and rocked to and fro in an indescribable agony of mind.

For a few minutes there was not another word spoken—the young man swaying to and fro and breathing heavily—and the fair maiden watching him with features pale, anxious, and troubled.

'Mary,' said Walter at length, raising a face so altered and ghastly that his fair companion fairly started with surprise and alarm, "answer me two questions, truly, as God is your judge! First, has either of your parents ever brought to your view the difference between yourself as an heiress, and myself as a poor and humble young man?'

'I cannot deny, Walter,' returned Mary, in great agitation, "that something has been said to me on the subject.'

'Secondly, then,' pursued the other, "is there any one you esteem, or love, more than you do me?'

'I—I—would rather not answer that question!' replied Mary, turning away her head in confusion.

'Enough!' rejoined Walter; 'I am answered. I knew that Henry Wilder had been a somewhat regular visitor here for the last six months; but I did not allude to it sooner, because I feared you would think me captious or jealous. I understand all now!' he continued, rising and presenting his hand, which the maiden took almost mechanically. 'Farewell!' he added, in a faltering voice, his trembling form and quivering lips betraying his deep and painful emotions. 'Farewell, Mary Ellsworth! it is not likely we shall ever meet again. Yet one word of caution before we part! Beware of him I have named! He is a mere adventurer, seeking you for your wealth. He is not a true and honest man, and I speak from personal knowledge. Oh! give him not your hand and heart, as you value your peace and happiness! which will always be dear to him you now reject. God bless you, and prosper and guard you from the misery I now suffer, shall ever be the prayer of him who now bids you an eternal adieu!'

Saying this, he gave the hand he held a strong, nervous pressure, and rushed madly from the presence of the fair being he so wildly worshiped; who, for a few minutes, remained as one speechless with a strange surprise, and then gave way to her emotions in a flood of tears.

A week later it was known to all in the vicinity, that Walter Harwood had gone abroad, perhaps never to return. Three months later, a gay bridal party assembled at the mansion of 'Squire Ellsworth, to witness the beautiful heiress give her hand to him against whom she had been warned.

Nineteen years passed away—a short period or a long one, according as existence has proved bright or gloomy, happy or miserable—and in a Southern city, which shall be nameless, the Governor of the State sat reading in his library, when a servant in livery announced to his Excellency that a lady in black most urgently craved a few minutes audience.

'Conduct her hither,' replied the Governor; and as she appeared, he rose advanced a few paces, politely handed her a seat, and resumed his own.

The lady who was dressed in deep mourning, with a black, heavy vail entirely concealing her features, trembled violently, as she hurriedly but silently reached forward a paper to his Excellency, which he quietly and courteously received.

'This,' he said, after a few minutes of silence, during which he was engaged in unrolling and perusing a lengthy document, 'is a petition—signed, among others, by quite a number of influential citizens—praying for the pardon of one [illegible] recently convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for the term of five years, for the crime of forgery. Madam, what is this man to you?'

'He is my husband, your Excellency,' faltered the woman, trembling nervously.

'I am sorry for it, madam—because it is hard for a man of feeling to deny the petition of a wife in behalf of him she has solemnly vowed to love and honor; but my sense of duty becomes paramount to feelings, and I must refuse your prayer. This man, though your husband has no redeeming antecedents, and I am sorry to say I do not think he merits executive clemency.

'Oh! say not so, your Excellency!' cried the poor woman, suddenly starting from her seat, and dropping down upon her knees before the Governor. 'He always meant to do right; but he has been unfortunate; and in a moment of insanity—I can call it no less—insanity caused by want, and a husband's and father's desire to give bread to his starving wife and children—he wrote another man's name to a note, and got it cashed, intending to take it up before it came due; but was discovered, arrested, and is now groaning out his life within the dark gloomy walls of a prison! Oh! pardon him, your Excellency! pardon him! as you hope God to pardon you; and I solemnly declare to you, he shall immediately leave the State, and never again offend against its righteous laws!'

While she was thus speaking, in a wild, impassioned strain, she impulsively threw back her heavy vail, and revealed to the astonished gaze of her listner, the pale, careworn, but still beautiful features of a woman fast verging upon forty. At the sight of this face, the Governor started back, clasped his hands, and like one petrified with amazement, kept his eyes riveted upon hers, without further gesture or motion, and with even his breath suspended.

'Do my eyes deceive me! or do I behold in this kneeling figure the once happy Mary Ellsworth!' he exclaimed the moment her musical voice ceased.

'Just Heaven! who speaks that name?' almost shrieked the kneeling petitioner, starting suddenly to her feet, clasping her temples with her hands, and fixing her eyes in wild amazement upon the ruler of a State.

'Mary,' he groaned, 'it is Walter Harwood you see before you—the once poor, penniless man, who always loved you better than his own life, but whose suit you rejected, and whose existence your rejection has ever since rendered miserable; for though Governor of a State, Mary, and blessed, as men call it, with honors, wealth and power, I am at heart a lonely, wretched being, who lives because it is a duty, and with only the hope of finding happiness in a better world. Would to God we had never met again!'

The interview between these two beings, after a lapse of nineteen years, was, if anything, more painful than the one already recorded. She freely told him of all her troubles and sorrows; how her parents, having been induced to sell their property to enable her husband to enter into some speculation, had soon been stripped of all, and had died in poverty; how her husband had since squandered all he could lay his hands on, and then, falling into habits of dissipation, had gradually sunk lower and lower, till crime had been added to his other faults and errors, and he was now, under the assumed name of Thomas Calcraft, suffering the penalty of broken laws; and finally, how she herself, deserting him never, had, through good and evil report [illegible] weal and woe, wealth and poverty, he[illegible] clung to him as a guardian angel might cling to the wicked for his salvation.

"Oh! had you only so loved me, Mary!" groaned Governor Harwood, as he buried his face in his hands and gave vent to his emotion in scalding tears. 'It is well,' he added, in a solemn tone, 'that we can think God orders for the best! or else this life of trial and tribulation would not always be supportable.'

When poor Mary Wilder left the presence of the Governor, it was with the assurance that her husband should soon receive a pardon, and the belief that herself and his Excellency would never meet again on earth.

But 'man proposes and God disposes.' That night Thomas Calcraft, alias Henry Wilder, committed suicide, by hanging himself at the bars of his cell; and beside his dead body Mary Ellsworth and Walter Harwood met again.

The sequel may be told in a few words. One year later, the even round of twenty years, Governor Harwood was united, by the holy rite of marriage, to his first and only love; and it is the earnest prayer of all who knew them, that their future may be blessed with a happiness that their past has never known.

Oh, what a strange world is this to him who sits down to note the changes of a few revolving years!

THEY SAY.—A more sneaking, cowardly, fiendish liar than "they say", does not exist. That personage is a universal scapegoat for personal gossip, envy and malice; without form of flesh and blood, when invoked, and yet stalking boldly in every community. The character is a myth, and yet real; intangible and yet clutching its victims with remorseless power. It is unseen, and yet from an exhaustless quiver wings it poisoned arrows from day to day. And no mail is proof; no character, position, or sex escapes; no sanctuary is too sacred; no home is bulwarked against its assaults. When one base heart wishes to assail some person's character or motives, "they say" it is always invoked. That is the assassin who strikes in the cloud—the Thug who haunts the footsteps of the offender, and tortures from careless word or deed, an excuse for the stiletto. Men dare not always reveal their feelings. With smiles and pretended friendship they present the envenomed shaft as coming from "they say." Be sure reader that when some villainous tale is told of you, and the relator cannot give an author more tangible than "they say" for it, the slander is the creation of the heart by your side and reeking with the poison of envy and hatred, and earnest with a wish to have the falsehood of "They say" built into reality, and become current coin in the community.

"They say," we repeat, is as cowardly as it is false and fiendish; a phantom creature which smiles, while letting loose a brood of vipers to crawl in your path, and blast by their venom. To retail the stories of "they say," is to sneak behind an intangible personage and put in circulation the infamous influences and calumnies which, from raw material are forged nearer home.

THE DOOM OF THE WORLD.—The North British Review, discoursing on the doom of the world, has the following remarks:

'What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements and some indications of their power, the fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteric stones upon our globe—the whirling comets wielding their loose material at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions in our own satellite—the appearance of new stars and disappearance of others are all for shadows of that impending convulsion to which the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burned up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus residing as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling upon the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation.'

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.—1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers wish their papers discontinued, publishers may continue to send them until all charges are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their paper from the office or place to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle their bill and give notice to discontinue them.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.—Notice should always be given of removal.

5. Refusing to take a paper periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is evidence of fraud.

THE TOOTHACHE.—'My dear friend,' said H—, 'I can cure your toothache in ten minutes.'

'How? how?' inquired I. 'Do it, in pity!'

'Instantly,' said he, 'Have you any alum?'

'Yes.'

'Bring it, and some common salt.'

They were produced. My friend pulverized them, mixed them in quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

'There,' said he, 'if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You tell this to every one, and publish it everywhere. The remedy is infallible.

It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, I experienced a sensation of coldness, which gradually subsided, and with it—alum and salt—I cured the torment of the toothache.—*Mandville Reader.*

WOUNDS ON APPLE TREES.—I have tried several things with indifferent success, I have not seen anything so complete and easy as a little red ochre mixed with linseed oil into a paste and applied with a brush somewhat profusely but closely to the wood. It forms yielding surface, a matter of importance—is impervious to rain, and completely protects the tree from bleeding. It injures my feelings very much to travel my orchard and see the bark black and killed, by neglecting to cover the wounds.

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—If 1 pin was dropped in the hold of the Leviathan the first week 2 the next, and 4 the next 8 the next and so on doubling the number each time for a year (52 weeks) the number of pins deposited would be 4,503,599,627 370 496; the weight of them (allowing 200 pins to the oz.) would be 628,292,358 tons; and the number of Leviathans, of the tonage of 22,500 tons each required to carry them, would be 27,926.